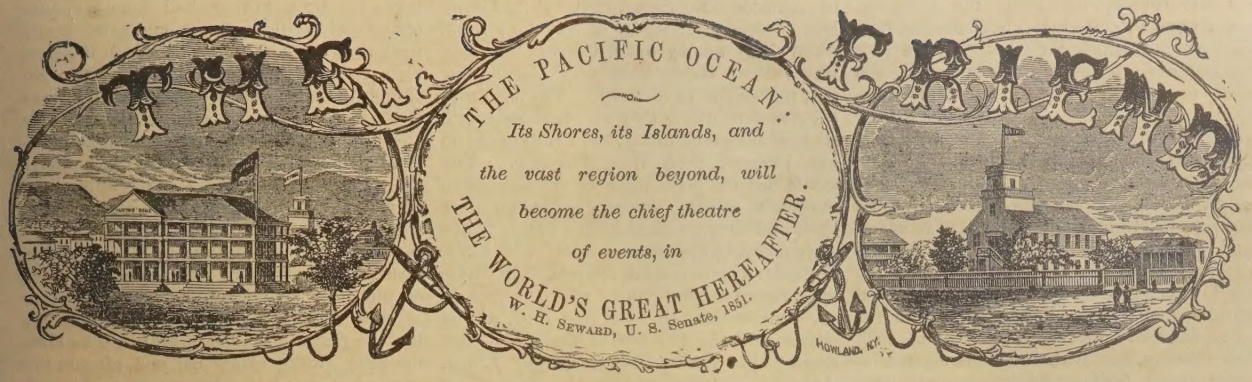

New Series, No. 10, Vol. 29.} HONOLULU, OCTOBER 1, 1880. {Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

OCTOBER 1, 1880.

☞ The last month has added another to the long list of sudden surprises, which make the life and history of these Islands so full of romantic interest. On the removal of Moreno from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Interior took his place, *ad interim*. Many measures were adopted, and many appointments to public office were made, to say the least, of questionable propriety. But the Ministry, even sooner than was expected, found themselves involved in inextricable difficulties in the line of policy they were pursuing with such infatuation. Fortunately the facts were made public in time to give the opportunity and hope of rectifying the blunder they had made, before irreparable injury had been done. The upshot of the late political *coup d'etat* is the dismissal of every member of the late Cabinet, and the appointment of Hon. W. L. Green as Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the Premiership; Hon. H. A. P. Carter, Minister of the Interior, and Hon. J. S. Walker, Minister of Finance. With men of such ability and standing, in the administration of the Government, deserving the confidence and support of every friend of Hawaiian nationality and prosperity, it will not be long, we trust, before this Kingdom will recoup, and her political affairs be in a far more healthful condition, as the ultimate consequence of suffering for the last two months such political embarrassments.

☞ We admire the tone and tenor of our new paper the *Saturday Press*. It is temperate and fair, discusses events in a just and impartial manner, and is bound to succeed. We are pleased to note the large number of advertisements in each issue.

☞ One of the most grievous mistakes in the line of policy, pursued by the late Ministry, and their advisers and supporters, was the utterly unfounded and generous assertion, that it was the color of their skin, and not the character of their actions, which was the real ground of opposition to them and to their policy and measures. To be lured to destruction by plausible villians has been the sad fate of nations as well as individuals; for human nature is weak, and people can easily be cajoled into accepting that which suits their prejudices. Mere flatterers or favorites are not true friends. We are sure it needs only some sharp prick of adversity, some brief experience of trouble, to convince this Hawaiian people that their true friends are those who advise such actions as will not interfere with the maintenance of mutual respect and sympathy, nor in any way trespass on the right of others. An infidel social science considers inequality the great curse of humanity, and would drag down everything that is high and honorable to its own base level of sloth and sensuality. Christian benevolence, on the other hand, is the unstinted giving of aid and comfort to help every one rise to higher and higher position through higher and higher worthiness.

☞ Mr. Bowser's new book, entitled "The Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical and Commercial Directory, and Tourists' Guide," has lately been issued. It contains a full and exhaustive index of the business of the Islands, as well as of its foreign population. To Honolulu merchants it must be indispensible. We heartily welcome this valuable book. Mr. Bowser is an expert in this line, for the work seems to have been carefully and thoroughly done. We wish him the fullest success, not only with this Directory, but also with his forth-coming Atlas of this Group.

☞ We hear of gifts to a California educational institution from some of our well-to-do people. Who has any gift to make to our poorly endowed, or unendowed institutions at Hawaii nei?

☞ We thankfully acknowledge books and magazines for distribution from Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. Atherton.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.—No. 45

A CITY OF GREAT MEN.

You know, dear FRIEND, I have been from the first a rambler, jotting down pictures and experiences of travel, without very much order or sequence; and availing myself of your always kind and encouraging permission, I have taken you hither and thither, without much regard to geographical limitations and distances. And now I am going to be more presumptuous than ever, and ask you to wander a little while with me in various nooks and places, which have nothing at all to do with the countries of which I have been talking of late, but which in their own way, will each have something of interest for you, I trust. It is something of a leap from Old England to Central Germany, from the turbulent activity and many-voiced life of mighty London, to the dreamy peacefulness and summer-hush of Weimar, whose past gives life to its present, and where you keep company with the dead, rather than with the living; but this leap I am going to ask you to make. (Would that all our leaps had as pleasant an ending as this!)

Goethe, whose fine perception of the beautiful no one would I think doubt, came to Weimar in the first flush of his splendid young manhood and stayed—fifty years and more. There were many circumstances which led to this, but not the least, was, I am convinced the exquisite natural beauty of his surroundings. I first visited Weimar some two or three years ago, and in the very heart of winter; and I enjoyed the old Ducal capital then, but far more a week or two since, seeing it this time in the perfection of mid-summer beauty. Weimar, would have held always undoubtedly an eminently respectable place in German annals, but beyond these comparatively unknown to the world, had not the Grand Duke, Carl August, towards the close of the last century, had the wisdom, skill, and good taste to draw about him some of the greatest men of letters, of his own or any time. Through this happy fact, his capital has come to be one of the Meccas of Germany and of the world, immortalized through the names of those who here lived and wrote and died, and made of it a center of poetic inspiration for the time in which they lived. Every one is familiar with the exquisite picture which Lewes in his "Life of Goethe" paints of Weimar in

the last century, portraying the animated and vigorous intellectual life of the Court of Carl August, which though one of the very smallest of Europe, was at the same time the most interesting in many ways. Goethe, as you will remember, was for a number of years one of the cabinet ministers in this diminutive realm. His name alone would be of importance enough to give any place celebrity, but Weimar was at the same time the home of Herder, of Wieland, of Schiller, and of a brilliant circle besides. In this charming court the Duke and Duchess did the honors as host and hostess, as patron and patroness of letters, of science, and all the arts, with not only the refinement of birth and training, but with the higher graces of sympathetic feeling and intellectual merit. It was a unique and remarkable spectacle this tiny realm, with most of the titles and appurtenances of an empire, this school of poetry and the fine arts, with royal foster-parents, this grouping of great men and clever and fascinating women. It was a period of brilliant bloom and splendid fruitage, and though oftentimes excessive and extravagant in certain phases of its development, was after all the very golden era of German literature.

Weimar is a charmingly irregular old town, with here and there open "Places," surrounded with quaint and antique buildings, and beautified with many statues and memorial monuments. The large park which sweeps about one side of it, and wanders in a delightful way up near to the homes of the people, gives great beauty to the place. This is the park which the Grand Duke and Goethe and all the friends liked so well, and which to my fancy seems to be more alive with memories of them, than the old stone houses and palaces which are shown you here. There is within this verdant world a white cottage covered with climbing roses, where Goethe loved most of all to live, away from men and where he drew in long drafts of inspiration from the beautiful scenes about him. I wonder if in a dumb, dim way, the trees and the meadows and the gently murmuring river Ilm, flowing onward through the forest, do not miss their old friend and lover. Certainly this was the very home for a poet. As we stand before it for a little while in the early summer twilight, we do not wonder at his choice. Full hearted roses, open lavishly their stores of beauty to us. The air is perfumed with the faint odor of new-mown-hay, which lies in long golden drifts between us and the river. To right and left stretches away a broad open road, which leads off to the world, which just now does not claim us, but which it is well after all to know exists. Behind and before are the woods, with their shadowy depths and tremulous lights, and above a summer sky fading through a thousand marvels of light and tinting into the twilight and the night. Following the road still further on, we come to the royal chateau of Belvedere, which commands a fine view of the surrounding picturesque country. From this point to the town in the plain below, leads away one of the finest avenues I know of in Europe.

The houses where Goethe and Schiller lived, with various relics of them both are still preserved. Goethe's was a fine imposing mansion befitting a minister of the Grand Duke. And after seeing where they lived, when here among men, you can also see where their bodies have been placed now that the spirits have flown. The beautiful old cemetery where they are entombed with some of the grand dukes, has a certain charm and interest, even if melancholy. You would find the plain tomb by passing down the main avenue, where the linden trees meet and entwine like a gothic arch. In the early morning the place is vocal with birds.

Herder's statue stands appropriately before the massive ancient church where he preached, near which he lived and died, and in whose nave he lies buried, beneath a slab bearing his motto, *Licht, Liebe, Leben*, (Life, Love, Life). In another street you would find the house of Wieland. The Ducal palace is an immense affair near the river and the park, very grand in its way, but nevertheless, we are told, Goethe's friend, the Grand Duke, preferred getting away from it to the poet's cottage with its roses and the society of its owner. If the poets have been the glory of Weimar—Weimar acknowledges this in many grateful, reverent ways. But in no more graceful way than in those exquisite rooms in the palace, ornamented with paintings illustrating the works of those who have contributed most to the renown of the town. Facing the principal court, there is a charming balcony, festooned with the most perfect wreaths of natural ivy, which makes of the place a sort of bower, and which date from Goethe's day. This was one of his favorite nooks.

I would not advise any driving business man, whose time is limited, to come to Weimar. I think an inforced stay of a few hours would render him insane. It is the quietest of quiet places, a delicious place for revery and dreaming and everything of that kind; but the people there have a ghostly way of flitting about like figures in a dream. A solitary soldier in flaming uniform, crosses the "Place" and then fades away you scarcely know how. Women fill their immense buckets at the quaint fountain, surmounted by a lazy lion in stone, gazing patiently forward, and then depart in long lines like those weary of life. And the withered old lady with her stores of summer sweetness, gathered into purple plums and downy peaches, waits at the corner for buyers who never come. But as I was saying, it is a place of the dead and not of the living. Come here with this idea and you will never weary of the place; you learn to love it, for what it once was, and hence, in a certain way eternally is; for its memories, not its hopes; for its streets where great men walked, for the graves where they lie.

EARLY MORNING IN AN OLD UNIVERSITY TOWN.

Some places are, like flowers seen at their best "with the dew on them." While others, as certain busy marts of commerce and traffic, should never be visited in the early morning, but only in the rush and tumult of high noon. To the first class I am persuaded the peaceful old university town of Jena belongs. At least, seeing it the other morning in those sweet, fresh hours of the day, when a large part of the world is asleep, and finding it so winningly beautiful, I have been led to this conclusion. Though Jena lies some miles away from the town of Weimar, we had taken the train thither, had time for sauntering and driving in its winding streets and were back again with our friends in the German Athens, before the clock in the old church tower had decided to strike the hour of ten. Early as we started, the sun was ahead of us, and was sending long slant arrows of light through the fields of summer grain and over the grassy slopes still silvered with the moist touch of the night. Men stood in the fields ready for the peaceful campaign of the day, and as we swept by, leaned for a moment in unconscious grace on the long handle of their fresh whetted scythes, which should before the twilight lay low the gleaming ranks of grain. The birds too were awake before us, and sang in answering chorus to the low murmur of insect-life and rustling leaves, the morning hymn of nature and the country. Our road grew more and more picturesque as we advanced, rising from rolling wave-like fields to lofty hills with wooded slopes. Jena lies in a graceful amphitheatre of hills, which serve as an exquisite setting for the grey towers, venerable with age, and the high and pointed red-tiled roofs of the little town in the valley beneath. It seems sadly inappropriate, that this peaceful town, devoted to the arts and the sciences, should have given its name to that fierce battle-field near by, rendered celebrated through the fierce contest waged there between the French and Prussians so many long years ago. But no echo of this seems now to survive here.

Jena has been the seat of a renowned university for more than three centuries, which still occupies an honorable place in Germany, famed for its institutions of learning. There is a charmingly primitive appearance about the town, its streets and ancient houses, extending even to its well-kept gardens and arching avenues. We found Jena slowly coming back to life, after the rest of the night. The good citizens tarried for a moment in their blossoming gardens, where white lilies lifted their heads coronetted with rain-drops, and then went forth for the more resolute action of daily business. School children came up the street with bags of books on their arms and smiles on their faces. Here and there a student passed on to an early lecture. In Jena still stands the old inn of "The Bear," where Dr. Martin Luther after his "Patmos Exile" on the Wartburg, tarried while on his way to Wittenberg. It was here, that that very interesting conversation was held by him with certain Swiss students, of which we find so quaint and entertaining an account in the old churches. There is a delightful old custom in Jena which I wish might be copied in other university and college towns. When any student of the university, who has passed out into active life, has done anything to honor himself and his Alma Mater, his name is placed in a little tablet on the house where he lodged while here. You walk here as it were through a gallery of celebrated names. We found a keen enjoyment in thus tracing down through centuries, famous and now historic names to these simple and unpretentious student homes. It was in a certain way, to have these men, some of whom have had their names long starred among the immortals, back again with us in the freshness, in the hopefulness, in the bloom of their

young manhood, with brows showing the crown of genius, unhidden by the laurel chaplets, yet to be placed there by the world. It was a goodly company; and the day seemed to grow the brighter for these names, written in plain letters on white walls, circled by wreaths of vines and summer verdure. I noticed those of Novalis, of sacred memory, Klopstock, Goethe, Schiller, and a host of others, dear to all German hearts. Here in Jena, Goethe wrote his exquisite poem "Hermann and Dorothea," and Schiller "Wallenstein."

If you find memories and names, you find also statues in bronze and marble, looking out from amid the shelter and embrace of drooping trees. The little town university does not forget the sons who have gathered here strength for the work and mission of life. And the work still goes forward here. As we stood for a moment under the elms near the university, we could hear the words of some lecturer, unfolding truths new and old to his listening students.

Pleasantest of all, however, of the innocent sensations of this early morning visit, was that afforded us by a little troop of choir boys who crossed our path. The good old custom still survives here, (so well known in Luther's days), of permitting the choir boys to sing in the village streets. I quite forgot the century and felt as if Martin Luther, the sweet boy chorister of Eisenach, and his little companions, were singing for us. They all wore solemn little cloaks of black, their black hats also brought their sweet pale faces into pathetic relief, for you saw and felt that they ate the hard bread of charity. But how they sang! The morning air seemed vibrant with delicious melody, and the birds hushed their songs in the trees. You would have wondered with me at the exquisite training of these young voices and at their fine rendering of old German songs and chorals. We heard them in delighted surprise and these hymns of the early morning, sung by these young musicians who seemed to come to us as a vision of the middle ages, vanishing again, have echoed in our hearts ever since. But if we tarry too long we fear the dew will vanish, and perhaps with it the charm of the place and so "good morning" to Jena!

A MEMORABLE BATTLE-FIELD.

Leipsic is an interesting and animated city, one of the most enterprising business centers in Europe, for centuries attracting buyers and sellers from all parts of the world, from the far east and south, to its spring and autumn fairs, the greatest book emporium in the world, possesses an ancient and renowned university, and is famous for its musical advantages; but though interested in all these points, the principal objects which attracted my attention in a recent visit to this bustling city were those connected with that great battle which occurred near Leipsic in 1813 and invaded these now peaceful streets. Every school boy has, I imagine, fought out in fancy the battle of Waterloo which occurred two years later. I had the pleasure, a melancholy pleasure however, last summer of standing on the memorial hill, crowned by its crouching lion, and of surveying this great historic field where Napoleon's sun went down. I am not quite sure whether the field of Leipsic is as familiar to all, and yet the battle here waged was the most prolonged and sanguinary which history records. Troubled as our own day still is with wars and rumors of wars, we can scarcely now have an idea of the great storm waves the restless genius and insatiable ambition of Napoleon raised in Europe in the early part of this century. They rose into a wild burst of tempestuous fury during those four terrible days from 16th to 19th October, 1813, when nearly half a million of men met in fearful combat within sight of the church spires of Leipsic. It seems almost incredible that such numbers could have been gathered together, yet history records that on the side of the allies in this "Battle of the Nations," were 300.000 men. Napoleon had something like 150,000 troops. The allies consisted of the Russians, Austrians, Prussians. The place where the tragedy of these four bloody days was enacted, is admirably adapted to serve as a field for the handling of such immense bodies of men. It is less beautiful and picturesque than Waterloo, which possesses more elevated points. But it would seem almost as if in some way this great plain stretching away for miles had been created for some such purpose, as that which gives it such celebrity in history. On a slight elevation to the south, Napoleon had taken his position and watched the progress of the battle from this point. Surrounded by these golden fields of ripening grain, stretching far away to the verdant groupings of trees nearer the city, rejoicing in all this summer beauty, in the blue of the afternoon sky, in the prosperous scenes of country life, in a thousand tokens of peace and plenty, I found it far from easy to realize that so many thousands here suffered and died on the very ground I was standing. There seemed a mute protest in this loveliness of the natural world against the passion, the blood-thirstiness, the revenge, the ambition of men. A shadow for the moment seemed to come across the shining of the sun, as I thought of the agony, of the wailing, of the woe of those autumn days, of all those maimed bodies which were laid away under these same gleaming harvest-fields, of the blood which stained the soil about me. Thousands and thousands died here. This lovely country is one vast burying-ground, and you almost dread to part the standing grain, and gather the field-daisies and poppies, for fear somewhere not far below lie hideous relics of the ghastly conflict. A maimed and crippled soldier who was wounded in the Danish war some years ago, acts as our guide. On a height facing the Napoleon-hill far away in the blue distance, the then monarchs of Russia, Austria and Prussia, met to give thanks for their victory. The spot is marked by an obelisk. Our soldier friend is a cheery fellow, with all his troubles. He and his good *frau* live in a little cottage near by, and to every new comer they tell over the story of the battle, which they have learned by heart. They show you bones and skulls and rusty swords and broken guns, and all manner of dreadful things which they have picked up here. In different parts of the field and in the woods near by are monuments to mark the spot where officers of distinction fell. Involuntarily as you wander over this storied battle-ground, you feel the presence of armed hosts, the shock of contending forces, the wild rush of cavalry, hear the thunder of the cannon, the cries of the victors, the groans of the dying. It all grows fearfully real, and you are glad to find it only a fancy. But what a reality it once was! There is a monument to mark the spot where Napoleon stood. You see here the famous Napoleon hat copied in bronze. Not far away is a spring now sealed over — our garrulous coachman tells us that Napoleon drank here, and that since then the water has poisoned all who have tasted it. Will you believe his story? There are stories and anecdotes without end connected with various points. It would be interesting to tell some of them, if one had but the time. But we must leave them now and the battle-field, and be back again in Leipsic before the July sun has gone down behind the fruit trees bordering our western horizon.

DRESDEN AND ITS MADONNA.

Few continental cities are so well known to the English and Americans as Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony. It is a source of much pleasure to me to think that perhaps in some chance moment, some one who has been in Dresden may glance at these hastily written lines, and at the sight of this city's name (so potent is the spell of some names) recall pleasant memories of this charming city on the Elbe. The wealthy and splendor loving kings and princes who have made their home here for centuries, have filled the city with richest stores of art, and its cabinets of jewels, its museums, its picture-gallery, attract thousands of visitors and admirers. And then the town is delightful in itself; life is quieter here than in many larger centers, and yet the advantages for intellectual improvement, for musical culture, and for social entertainment are excellent. The neighboring country, especially up the river into the fine bold scenery of Saxon Switzerland, is in summer most admirably adapted for pleasant trips and excursions. We found Dresden gay with all its summer life, and the usual gaiety was heightened by the *fetes* connected with the visit to the city of all the fire companies of Saxony. The place was decked out with a multitude of fluttering banners and leafy garlands and festoons, which gave it a very holiday appearance. The Brühl Terrace is a charming tree-planted promenade, stretching some distance along the Elbe. On a summer evening, as the sun is going down, a stroll is delightful here. The air is filled with the music of bands on both sides of the river, and the walks are crowded with people enjoying the evening air. How Germany and the visitors to Germany enjoy the beauty of summer when it at last comes, for its coming is often late. From the terrace the river crossed by massive and ancient stone bridges, and the city beyond with spires and domes, come finely into view. The Elbe grows softly flushed with the waning light, which is deepened into rich shadows under the great arches of the bridges, and if you wait a little longer, the moon comes up full orbed from behind the wooded hills, and makes of the city and its river a silvery picture.

An enumeration of the various objects and points of interest to be seen in Dresden would, in the brief space allowed me, be impossible, even were such an enumeration de-

sirable. You would find much to interest you in the famous "green vaults" beneath the palace, where the costliest and rarest treasures are gathered, and yet your pity rises with your interest as you survey these accumulations of material wealth. Their owners have passed way one generation after another, and these carven ivory trinkets, these gold and crystal goblets, these marvels of workmanship in silver and precious stones, gathered here in such lavish abundance, seem to serve as a pathetic commentary on all things earthly and human. The crown and other jewels are among the finest known, and are valued at fabulous sums. One learns in the midst of such rare gems to appreciate the beauty of those subtle and delicate manifestations of color and brilliancy, which seem to belong to genuine precious stones as perfume to certain fragrant woods.

The library of Dresden is one of the finest in Europe, and in the collections of antiquities and especially in the admirably arranged rooms appropriated to ancient armor you might spend many most delightful hours.

The central point of interest however of the city is its superb Picture Gallery, which is one of the artistic glories of Germany and Northern Europe. Few if any galleries of the old world possess so many paintings familiar to visitors from the other side of the Atlantic as this in Dresden. There is a delightful sensation on seeing the originals of these paintings, which from childhood have been known to you through engravings or other reproductions. You would find here Corregio's "Holy Night," that most beautiful of paintings, in which it would seem as if a celestial light streamed from the form of the infant Christ; also the famous "Magdalens" of Corregio and Battoni; Titian's "Tribute Money"; Carlo Dolci's "St. Cecilia"; splendid canvasses of Paolo Veronese; works by Rubens, by Rembrandt and a host of other celebrated painters. The especial treasure of the gallery however, is the "Sisterie Madonna," one of the masterpieces of the great Raphael,—known the world over. It is placed in a cabinet alone, and before it you always find a group of reverent and admiring visitors. There is as every one knows and feels, far too much of exaggerated artistic emotion expressed by great many travelers, and one scarcely in a healthy state of mind at least, sympathizes with those who say that after seeing the "Sisterie Madonna," life can have nothing more in store for them. But leaving aside such undue and absurd feeling, we would join with those, I trust the large majority, who find in this beautiful painting of the Madonna and the Holy Child much to awaken tenderest and most reverential emotion at the thought of the subject, united with admiration of the artist's genius which has in so wondertul a manner placed the same before our human gaze. Every one is I am sure familiar with the general idea of the painting. The Madonna bearing in her arms the Infant Jesus, beneath the kneeling figures of Pope Sixtus and St. Barbara, and still further beneath the partially disclosed figures of two rarely beautiful cherubs. No one can at all study this painting without being, in a peculiar manner moved by the earnestness and solemn tenderness displayed in the treatment of this most sacred subject. The majority of the ideal conceptions of the Virgin Mother and Child impress you with the beauty and fullness of the pure and unstained humanity and innocent simplicity disclosed in them. In this painting of Raphael, however, you seem to stand in the presence of a lofty spirituality. The Madonna takes her place as the most honored and exalted among her sex, and is here crowned with the beauty of a sacred maturity which if it does not raise her to the height of the Divine, seems to lift her above the level of the Human. Her eyes look filled with the glorious awe, which must have lighted those of the Hebrew maid bending before the Angel of the Annunciation and which shone still through the mother's tears at the foot of the uplifted Cross. And yet the Mother of our Lord, the kneeling saints, the cherub worshipers, the countless angelic throng, dawning faintly like stars in the misty cloud-depths of the back-ground, fade away before the Lord Himself, no less Divine because He bore the vesture of our weak Humanity, and rose through all the stages of our growth from clinging infancy to perfected manhood, as all our race must rise. The child-eyes gaze into an infinite future where we may not follow. The shame, the pain, the glory of all which is to come seem mirrored in those depths, and here especially is seen the glorious power, the almost supernatural beauty of this most remarkable artistic work.

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland, Aug. 9, 1880

☞ We learn from a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Elisha Allen, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Islands, was an honored guest at a reunion of the graduates and friends of the Academy at New Salem. The Church, the School, the town meeting have been the three prominent factors in giving to New England men and women the honor accorded to them as the friends of human progress everywhere, and themselves among the best representatives of it. The capacity for self government, for higher education, for communion with God, have not been denied to the Hawaiian people. But training in right habits is as essential as the inculcation of correct principles. We shout with joy when we see that the shipwrecked mariners are safely in the life-boat; but are they saved, in the full significance of that term, before skillful piloting and hard rowing have brought the life boat through the foaming surf to the sea-girt shore? How much still remains to be done before this Christianized Hawaiian nation can be said to have such assured stability as characterizes the sailor safe on the shore, not struggling through the surf! Hawaiians must demand and seek improved system and higher opportunitics in Educational discipline before they can be regarded as fit for positions of high public trust. Above all, they must manifest in daily life and daily pursuits, steadfastness of principle and fidelity to individual obligation. In the New England churches, schools, and town meetings, there was cultivated an individual conscience as well as a national conscience, a rule of right not dependent on royal command or public sentiment. It is a great pity that the education of deserving Hawaiian youth abroad was not entrusted to the Board of Education under suitable regulations, not committed to such a notorious adventurer as C. C. Moreno. Under suitable conditions the experiment might have proved a brilliant success; now, we can only forebode a disgraceful failure.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Aug 29—Stmr C R Bishop, Melander, 9 dys 18 hrs from S F
30—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, 18 days from Sydney
31—Bg Consuela, Voneschmidt, 16 days from San Frisco
Sept 1—Bk Fleetwing, McPhaiden, 38 days from Newcastle
3—Bk Atlanta, Johnson, 24 days from Utslady
4—Stm Kilauea Hou, Sears, from Kahului.
Sept. 4—Bk Lady Lampson, from San Francisco
4—Bk D C Murray, from San Francisco.
5—H B M S Pelican, from a cruise.
5—P M S S City of New York, from San Francisco.
8—Am bk Camden, Cuttler, 18 days fm Port Townsend
10—Am schr Dashing Wave, fm Sound, via Hana, Maui
Sept. 11—Bktne Eureka, Nordburg, 15 dys from San Fran
14—Bk Amie, from Port Blakely
Sept. 18—Stmr Ho Chung, Peterson, 9 dys fm San Francisco
18—Eng bk Oberon, Harvey, 110 dys fm Liverpool
21—Brktn Ella, Turner, 20 dys fm San Francisco
24—Brk Jenny Pitts, Seiver, 22 dys fm Port Gamble
Sept 26—Bk Gesine Brons, Trumback, 56 days from Whampoo, China
27—Bk Kalakaua, Jenks, 15 days from San Francisco
27—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, from Auckland
30—Bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, 15 days from San Francisco

DEPARTURES.

Aug 28—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Francisco
3—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for San Francisco
31—Bktne Grace Roberts, Ohlson, for Port Gamble
Sept 2—Monitor, Nelson, for Eureka, Humboldt Bay
Sept. 4—Am bk Rainier, Wulff, for Port Gamble.
5—P M S S City of New York, Seabury, for Auckland
6—Schr Claus Spreckels, for San Francisco.
7—Bk Spirit of the Age, Nagasaki
7—Am bktn Emma Augusta, Raven, for Port Townsend
10—Brit ship Nankin, McConnell, for San Francisco
Sept 14—H B M S Pelican, Dicken, for Tahiti
15—Brig Consuelo, von Schmidt, for San Francisco
15—Sch Dashing Wave, Moore, for Sound
16—Bk Camden, Butler, for Port Gamble
16 Bk Atlanta, Johnson, for Townsend
Sept. 18—Brk D C Murray, Downes, for Port Townsend
20—Brk Fleet Wing, McPhaiden, for Victoria
21—Stmr Ho Chung, Peterson, for Hongkong
23—Brk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
24—Am brk Annie, Sandberg, for Port Townsend
Sept 27—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Francisco

MARRIED.

OAT—BURKE—In San Francisco, August 18, by Rev. T. K. Noble, Joseph Morton Oat, Jr., of Honolulu, to Maggie F. Burke, of San Francisco.

VON SCHMIDT—RISELY—In this city, Sept. 9th, EDWARD A. VON SCHMIDT, master of the brig Consuelo of San Francisco, to GEORGIANA JUANITA RISELY, of Honolulu. San Francisco papers please copy.

PARIS—JOHNSON—In Central Kona, Hawaii, at Lauakila Church, August 25th, by the Rev. J. D. Paris, JOHN D. PARIS, to HANNAH JOHNSON, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Johnson.

DIED.

O'BRIEN—In this city, at the Queen's Hospital, on Saturday, August 28th, FRANK J. O'BRIEN, aged 27 years. Deceased was a native of Detroit, Michigan, and had resided in Honolulu for over two years, and by his kind and genial manners gained the friendship and esteem of a large number of our citizens. His remains were followed to their last resting place on Sunday by a large concourse of sincere friends. Detroit papers please copy.

YOUNG—In this city, on the 4th inst., at the residence of Queen Dowager Emma, FANNY KEKUIAPOIWA KEKELAOKALANI YOUNG, daughter of John Young, aged 76 years, 1 month, 14 days.

SHELDON—In this city, on the 6th inst., at her residence, HANNAH HOOLAI SHELDON, the beloved wife of H. L. Sheldon, Esq., aged 48 years.

LONG—At his residence, in Manoa Valley, on the 6th inst., CHARLES LONG, aged 43 years.

KAIA—In this city, on the 6th inst., KAIA, neice of Hon. J. Moanauli, aged 15 years.

BARNES—In this city, on the 8th inst, of old age, W. B. BARNES, aged 70. The deceased arrived on these Islands in 1832, and has been a resident since that time to his death. He leaves a wife, and numerous friends, to mourn his departure.

MEYERS—At sea, on the board of the bktne Ella, on Sept 11, Annie Susana, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs Meyers of San Francisco.

"What a world were this,
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death had sundered did not meet again."

DUNCAN.—In this city, Oct. 1st, JOHN ADAM DUNCAN, aged 38 years. The deceased was for 20 years Pressman of the P. C. ADVERTISER Office. He leaves five motherless children and many friends to mourn his loss.

PASSENGERS

For San Francisco, per H W Almy, August 28—W H Paddock, C Boetee, H G Chase.

From San Francisco, per C R Bishop, August 30—S S Laudshist, J E Shepherd, Ah Soo.

For San Francisco, per Zealandia, August 30—Mrs. Hewes, maid and child, Mrs Bartlett, W T Brigham, J F Catton, C B Catton, Dr A C Wright, Dr J Thomas, S C Armstrong, Bruce Cartwright, Mrs L A Brownell, W C Parke, Miss Sarah King, S Magnin, G F Wells, C C Moreno, R Boyd, R Wilcox, J Booth, Miss E Smith, Mrs E Otto, S A Bowley, J T Waterhouse and wife, Miss Judd, Miss E Lamb, Miss M Wilder, H G Gibbins, Miss Stella Bickle, C Harley, Mr Wilson, R M McKenzie, C G Housemann, B Bogner, C Traulsen, W E Coulihan, H D Pierce, Miss M Courley, James McDade, Paul Sharrett, C B Barnett, H Bradley, C Jaeger, William Taylor, A D Cartwright, H Sorenson.

From Sydney, per stmr Zealandia, August 30—T B Tyler, J Purvis, D M Vineberg, J Harrison, G H Davidson, M Meredith, and 20 in the steerage. 73 passengers in transitu.

From San Francisco, per Consuelo, August 31—S Lederer, W V Hundley, J B Smith, J A Cone, S Gulliver, A Schinsel, J M Lawlor, C D Hinchley, J Hutchinson, R Leslie, W K Lilli.

For Eureka, per Monitor, Sep 1—F Brasch.

From San Francisco, per City of New York, Sept 5—Mr Austin, wife and 2 children, W H Bailey, P C Jones and daughter, A T Atkinson, J Hayselden and 2 children, Mr Hanford, B F Bolles, J A Lewis, C G Miller, J Lyons, T O Brocklehurst, Miss Barney, Miss Fuller, T May, Miss Rhodes, Master Rhodes, Miss Winler, Mrs Wittington and 2 children, Mrs J H Blake, Mr and Mrs E G Hitchcock, Mrs Weaver, Mrs Palmer, Mrs Wilder, F P Wilson, P S Wilson, Mrs W N Ladd, G Lucas and son, Miss C M Shipman, A B Houseman, E B Thomas, F Reidel, H A Widemann, Col C Spreckels, W H Dimond, A Cropp, C E Williams, Mrs Clarkson.

For Sydney, per City of New York, Sept 5—E N Marks, Mrs F Herbert, G A Turner.

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Sept 6—Rev W Frear, C J Deerny, M Nesser, John Single, F Finegan, C C Pitzer, M Grant, T Farrell, M Quinn, F Cammisky, T Perkins, and 17 laborers.

For San Francisco, per Claus Spreckels, Sept 6—Louis Riche, J Stottings, D McMillen and wife, T J McCrossen, D Bolte.

From San Francisco, per D C Murray, Sept 6—W S Payne, L Xavier, D P Barrtan, Mrs D P Barrtan, Mrs A Barrtan, Mrs C Scott, Mrs R Ramsey, Miss L Ramsey, Mrs C Smith, Miss B Fuller, F Booth, and 4 steerage.

For Nagasaki, per Spirit of the Age, Sept 7—10 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per Eureka, Sept 11—J K Burkett and wife, W Levy, Henry Nestler, Joseph Festus, J B Milton, William Hughes.

For San Francisco, per Consuelo, Sept 15—T Williams, Otis Harnden, J E Raystein, W H Fuller wife and child, C B Manchester, M Grant, A Schusel, A C Tudson, James Mills, T Harris, H Goldstein, M Pittsburg, W Honicke.

For Port Townsend, per Camden, Sept 16—John Brasch.

From San Francisco per Ho-chung, Sept 18—Dr Tisdale and daughter, Mr Steward and 4 Chinese in transitu.

For Port Townsend per D C Murray, Sept 18—Mr & Mrs Barstow, R J Farmer and Master Booth.

For Hongkong, per Ho Chung, Sep 21—263 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per Hochung, Sept 18—Dr Tisdale, Miss Tisdale, Mr Steward, Ho Loy.

For San Francisco, per D C Murray, Sept 18—Mr and Mrs Barstow, R J Farmer, Master Booth.

For San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, Sept 22—F B Kent, J Hamilton, Mrs Jones.

From San Francisco, per Ella, Sept 22—Mrs Dr Myers, Mrs P A Coleman, Miss Mollie Coleman, John Dobson, Miss Annie Logan, H S Chaltey, F Meigher, Richard Bell, Frank Hutchinson, L Netter, 11 men laborers for Hawaiian Agricultural Society.

From Whampoa per Gensine Brons, September 26.—219 Chinese, including 5 females.

From San Francisco per Kalakaua, September 27.—J J Hebberd and wife, Mrs W H Jennings and daughter, G W Stewart, Mrs H Hillebrand, M Walsh, and 8 in the steerage.

From Auckland and Sydney, per City of Sydney, Sept 27—Mrs Allerdyce, Mrs Saunders, P Lyons, J Tobins, J Hynes, J Chant, C R Smith, Jas Briggs, J Holland, W Davis, and 43 in transitu for San Francisco.

For San Francisco per City of Sydney, Sept 27.—D W Tuttle, J O Brucklehurst, Mrs A E Henry and daughter, H A Ferguson, Rev J W Atherton, Dr T P Tisdale, H Netter, Mrs Atherton and daughter, A Housman, J Turner, W B Walkup, Manuel Francisco de Ayevedo, Mrs G P Babylon, Hon F J O Grarz, J A Lewis, Michael White, Mrs Bissell, Mrs Messick and daughter.

From San Francisco, per J A Falkinburg, Sept 30—Miss Jennie Robertson, Idella A Reed, Dr E Weekworth, S W Chamberlain, R F Christy, and 4 in steerage.

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EDITOR ABROAD—No. 7.

We have now spent a month in Germany, and that in the charming month of June. The weather has been unexceptionally good, thus affording a rare opportunity for visiting places of historic interest, including Potsdam, so intimately associated with Frederick the Great and those renowned characters of the eighteenth century who graced his court and rendered his reign among the most renowned in history of the sovereigns of modern Europe. It is quite noteworthy, that while revolution has succeeded revolution, yet the reigning sovereigns of the successive governments have preserved intact the old palaces, and their regal furniture and adornments, so that the visitor of the closing years of the nineteenth century can walk through halls and courtly apartments, just as they are left by the kings and queens of former ages. The very playthings and toys of Frederick the Great, not omitting his "little boots" and drum when a lad, are now on exhibition, while room after room is to be seen filled with the furniture and robes of both kings and queens who have long since surrendered their thrones to their successors. On this account Berlin is a most interesting city to visit.

But forsaking the *past*, the living *present* is equally interesting. The month of June, 1880, is especially noteworthy in Berlin for having witnessed the Fishery Exhibition. At first thought one might ask, what of interest could be awakened in the general public by an exhibition of this nature? A person had only to walk through the halls and rooms devoted to an exhibition of the wonders of the deep, and he would not ask the question a second time. The words of the psalmist come to mind, as a visitor examines the rare pearls, the innumerable species of fish, the strange monsters, the beautiful corals, and the endless variety of unknown creatures that find their home beneath the surface of the ocean: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

There was also an exhibition of the curious contrivances devised by civilized and uncivilized nations, for catching the dwellers in the deep and the fish inhabiting the rivers running into the ocean. We were specially pleased with the exhibits from China and Japan. The newspapers have already announced to whom the prizes and medals were awarded. It was not a little gratifying to our love and pride of America, to hear from the lips of the Crown Prince the announcement, that to Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington was awarded the first prize—the Emperor's prize award! It was our privilege to be present on that most interesting occasion, as well as on that of an evening soiree and supper given in honor of the commissioners of this exhibition. For kind attentions on these occasions, we feel under special obligations to George Bunsen, Esq., a son of the renowned Baron von Bunsen, so well known in the diplomatic circle and literary world of a past generation. The reading world has recently been favored with a most charming book entitled "Memoirs of von Baroness Bunsen," in which is depicted with rare and delicate ability by Julius Hare the home life of the von Bunsen family. It is such a volume as we should be glad to learn was read in every family of the English speaking people throughout the world. The book was noticed some months ago in the pages of THE FRIEND. On coming to Europe we deemed it a rare privilege to have become acquainted with members of this family, and on one occasion to have met three of the children of the Baron and Baroness, and five of their grand-daughters.

EXCURSION TO HAMBURG AND BREMEN.

In visiting the old world it is pleasant to meet with those in the great commercial cities who are engaged in that department of Christian work, which for so many years has occupied our thoughts and enlisted our sympathies and prayers. When passing through Liverpool, Glasgow and London, we often conferred with those who are laboring for seamen. Since arriving in Europe we were requested to be present at Hamburg on the 21st of June, at the inauguration of the Sailors' Institute, as the representative of the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York. For many years, even for more than half a century, the Bethel Flag has been hoisted in Hamburg. The friends of the seamen's cause in that city one year ago laid the corner stone of the Sailors' Institute, and since then a fine building has been erected at the cost of about $10,000 upon land costing an equal amount, hence the formal opening of the institute was deemed to be an event worthy of special note. The following programme will indicate the nature of the exercises on this interesting occasion:

THE INAUGURATION OF THE
BRITISH AND AMERICAN SAILORS' INSTITUTE,
29 Sandthor Quay, in connection with
The British & Foreign Sailors' Society of
London and the American Seamen's
Friend Society of New York,
Will take place at 7 p. m. June 21st, 1880.

ORDER OF SERVICE:

Edward Chaplin, Esq., in the chair.

The Rev. C. F. Weidemann will begin the service.

The Rev. J. Edwards will offer the inauguration prayer.

Edward Chaplin, Esq., chairman of committee, will give the opening address, and welcome the distinguished visitors.

Proposed by H. B. M. Consul-General Geo. Annesley, Esq., seconded by the United States Vice Consul Paul Moller, Esq., that

the British and Foreign Sailors' Institute be now declared open.

The Right Hon. the Lord Garvagh will deliver an address and declare the building open, to be used for the purposes for which it was erected.

The Treasurer F. Oldrey, Esq., will read a short financial statement.

Proposed by the Rev. Edward W. Matthews of London, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Damon of Honolulu, that this international institute and undenominational mission is worthy of the most generous support.

Supported by Baron von Oertzen.

Proposed by the Rev. C. F. Weidemann of Hamburg, seconded by the Rev. J. Edwards of Hamburg, that the warmest thanks of this meeting be given to the Right Hon. Lord Garvagh, the English and American Consuls, Edward Chaplin, Esq., the other gentlemen who have assisted at the public meeting, and the ladies who presided at the tea.

REV. C. J. WEIDEMANN,
REV. JAMES EDWARDS,
Secretaries.

The exercises proved most satisfactory to all the friends of seamen who are laboring so energetically to provide preaching and wholesome entertainment for them while ashore in this most ancient port of the old city of Hamburg, whose commerce has been in a most flourishing condition since the days of the old Hanseatic League, when Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, and other maritime cities combined bined for the protection of commerce and against those old Vikings of the north, whose swift craft ploughed the German ocean and occasionally made depredations upon the rich cities of Western Europe, laying them under tribute.

It was a great pleasure to visit Hamburg and look out upon a place which may be well proud of its wealth and enterprise, its prosperous merchants and bold mariners. It is a beautiful city, and with its charming Alster Lake in its bosom, beautified by its swift-flying steamers and white swans with their arching necks, presented one of the most rare spectacles from the windows of "Hotel de l'Europe," upon which we ever gazed. The environs of the city and the banks of the Elbe, adorned with the residences of the rich merchants of Hamburg, are equally beautiful. We spent a Sabbath there, and visited two of the churches built in the style of mediæval ages, with a mixture of modern architecture. We did not omit a visit to the famous "Rauhe Hans" and Klopstock grave. But we must hurry away to Bremen.

With no city of Europe have we been more familiar during the past forty years. During the early years of our labors in Honolulu, Bremen whaleships very frequently came under our notice. We account it among the very pleasant experiences of our European visit, to have been met at the railroad station by our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Hackfeld, to whose kind attentions we are under the greatest obligations. We did not feel the least strangeness on thus entering a city which we had never seen or visited before. We hardly know with what words to express the delightful experiences of our stay of a few days in Bremen. Honolulu and Bremen seemed strangely and delightfully mingled, while the past and the present were so pleasantly combined, that we could readily imagine ourselves back again in Honolulu; yet that could not be, for charming as Miss Bird's pen may depict Honolulu, that city does not by any means approach Bremen,—so unlike what we had anticipated. The citizens in Bremen do not live in "hired houses" or on "flats," but nearly all live in homes which they own and adorn with a degree of good taste, combined with an eye to solid comfort that may well make the inhabitants exclaim in the language of Paul, when he said that he was the citizen of "no mean city." The merchants of Bremen meet on change and frequent their counting rooms without the near presence of long wharves, crowded piers, heavily loaded drays and all that array of a rich commercial center, ordinarily the accompaniment of foreign trade and commerce. Bremen-Haven is the sea-port of Bremen. This circumstance renders Bremen unlike ordinary cities. It is a city increasing in wealth and commerce; it has the largest trade in petroleum of any European city, while in other branches of commerce it is in a most flourishing condition. With Hamburg it still holds on to the principle of free trade, although the Bismarckian policy presses both cities quite hard! Eventually they will doubtless be compelled to succumb to the overshadowing influence and pressure of the empire.

Thrice on the Sabbath while in Bremen, we visited the churches and heard preachers whose eloquence and animation indicated that they spoke with hearts warm with love for the gospel. Our knowledge of what these preachers uttered was obtained after the style that Mark Twain declares he could best speak German, viz, through an interpreter. During our brief sojourn in Bremen we were highly favored with opportunities for seeing the institutions of the city, including those for providing for the sick, unfortunate, the poor, the young, and especially the seamen's institute, where ample provision is made for the widows and children of those lost at sea. Over its entrance it has this most significant motto—"Navigation must live, men may not." This institution has a fund of over $400,000, and has existed since the seventeenth century. The citizens take great pride in sustaining it. Long may it prosper.

On returning to Berlin we came via the venerable city of Hanover, the metropolis of the extinct kingdom of Hanover, but the old palace remains as it was when deserted by the late king when he fled. His son is not inclined to surrender his royal prerogatives, and now resides at Vienna, bearing the title of the Duke of Cumberland. By a singular arrangement in 1714, on the death of Queen Anne of England, the throne becoming vacant, George the First was invited over from Hanover, and for a period of more than 120 years, or during the reigns of the four Georges, the king of England reigned alike over England and Hanover, but on the accession of Queen Victoria, as the Salic law prevailed in Hanover, the two kingdoms were separated. The Duke of Cumberland, or the absent royal family still retain their palace and grounds, keeping them in becoming order, but merely as private property. We rode hurriedly around the palace and city, beautifully adorned with parks, avenues and statues.

HONOR TO THE POET CHAMISSO'S MEMORY.

Our return to Berlin chanced to be upon the very day which thousands of the Berlinese had set apart to the honor of the much revered poet Chamisso. We regretted our detention the more, as kind friends had secured seats for us at the entertainment. We shall be pardoned for alluding to these touching reminders of the poet Chamisso, for his name is associated in a most interesting manner with our Hawaiian kingdom. If our readers will refer to the number of THE FRIEND for February, 1862, they will learn that this distinguished poet wrote the best account of the social and political condition of the Hawaiian kingdom prior to the arrival of the American mission in 1820. He was then attached to the *Rurick*, a Russian vessel under the command of Lieutenant Otto von Kotzebue. This expedition had been fitted out by Count Romanzoff, Chancellor of the Russian Empire, who invited Chamisso to accompany the expedition as a naturalist. The voyage of the *Rurick* is among the most noted of modern times, and special mention is made of our island kingdom, then reigned over by Kamehameha the First. It is a remarkably noteworthy fact that the portrait of His Majesty, so familiar to all acquainted with Hawaiian annals, was painted by the artist on board the *Rurick*, as may be seen in the volumes detailing the incidents of the voyage now in the government library at Honolulu. The reader, by referring to the March number of THE FRIEND for 1862, will learn most interesting particulars relating to the life, character and career of the poet whom the German people and the lovers of science and song so much honor.

The present expression of public sentiment was initiated by a lady, principal of a young ladies' seminary in Berlin, who is a most enthusiastic admirer of the poet. The house is still standing in which he lived and died. This lady and others planned to erect a tablet and medallion bust over the entrance to his late residence, 235 Frederickstrasse, with this inscription,—"In this house lived A. von Chamisso until his death in 1838."

Representatives of the civic authorities, professors from the university, teachers of the public schools, and hundreds of the pupils and citizens of Berlin assembled on the 28th of June to honor the memory of the poet. We have since met a daughter and son of the man thus honored. We learn that he left seven children, five of whom are still living. A daughter resides in Bremen, where we met her and her charming daughters.

A few days since we visited the German Parliament (Upper House), when the much vexed subject of the Catholic question was under discussion. A law professor representing the University of Gottengen spoke, and was very decided that Catholic bishops must submit to the civil authority. There was no other method of meeting the crisis. We could not but contrast America, freed from a state church, with Germany, France, England and other European nations, now so much troubled with questions relating to church and state. But we must close.

S. C. D.

Berlin, July 8th, 1880.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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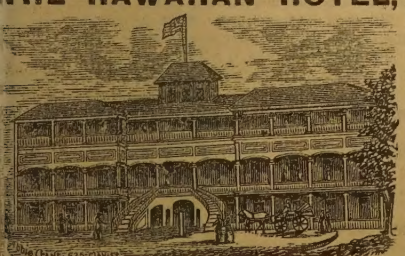

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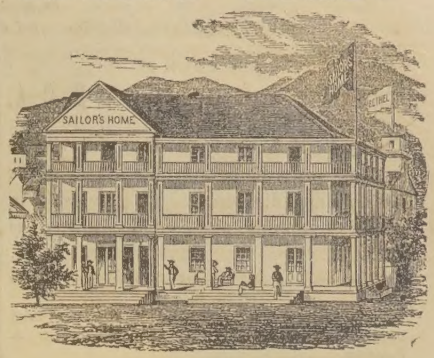

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Honolulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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—AND—

LADIES' RIDING HABITS

MADE A SPECIALITY.

Children's Suits, in Eastern Styles.

W. TREGLOAN, Honolulu.

Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion. All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Vice President, E. C. Damon; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.

Reading Room Committee--E. Dunscombe.

Editor—A. L. Smith, Editor of the 8th page of *The Friend* for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—William O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort-street Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

☞ At a meeting of the trustees of Kaumakapili Church held on the evening of the 28th ult., after the preliminary business was concluded, Rev. M. Kuaea, the pastor and building committee of the new church, informed the members that it was his wish and intention to confer with them in all matters relating to the building of the new edifice. After a short discussion it was carried unanimously, that the trustees should act as an advisory committee with him. That everything pertaining to the tearing down of the old, and the erection of the new building should come before them and receive their approval and sanction before entering upon the work. The trustees also have the full control of the money that has been collected, about $15,000, not a dollar of which can be paid out without their order.

☞ The new Free Public Library in San Francisco is proving a success. At a meeting of the trustees held the evening of Sept. 7th the librarian reported that during August there were 28,403 visitors, an average of 916, against a total of 26,908 for July, an average of 868. In August 30,787 books were delivered, an average of 993 daily, while in July 24,655 books were delivered, a daily average of 795. During the last month 8769 books were taken by ticket-holders, while 22,018 were read by visitors to the library. The smallest number of visitors in one day was 611, the largest 1159. The books delivered ranged from 601 in one day to 1225, of the books delivered 9655 were works of fiction, 8156 juvenile, 2265 magazines, 1496 history, 1016 miscellaneous, 447 drama, 441 theology, and 253 philology.

☞ We hope that Mr. D. L. Moody will be able to accept the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. to come on to Honolulu, when his visit to San Francisco has been completed. He could find plenty of work to do for a while, and would undoubtedly accomplish a great deal of good here. He has been very successful elsewhere, and why should he not be here. The various churches will co-operate with him, and he will have all the assistance that the association can render. We had the pleasure of hearing him four times in the Hippodrome in New York City in 1876. The building held fully 10,000 people, and it was crowded at each meeting. We shall never forget the eloquence of his addresses; one's attention was held spell-bound from beginning to end. The great and solemn truths of the Bible were laid down in a simple and impressive manner, and lasting good is the result. We wish that Mr. Sankey could come. His success has been marvelous.

☞ The Y. M. C. Associations of Philadelphia, Pa., New Bedford, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Springfield, Ill., and Newburg, N. Y., edit some very interesting little papers, some weekly, and others monthly, in the interests of the association work. We have received several of these papers lately. They all report good progress in their various departments.

☞ Two meetings of the Aloha Literary and Debating Society have been held during the past month. The first one was on the evening of the 10th ult. The subject for debate was, "That the pulpit has more power for good than the press." After an interesting debate the members decided in favor of the press.

The second meeting was held a week later, the 17th ult. The subject up for debate was, "That fictitious literature has more influence for good than real literature" Both sides were well sustained, the arguments being very good, showing that care had been taken in preparing them. The decision was made in favor of real literature.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the San Francisco *Merchant* for Sept. 3d. It contains several excellent articles on our Hawaiian affairs, which are well worth reading by every one. The *Merchant* can be found on file at the Reading Room on Fort street, where all are welcome to go and read it.

☞ We understand that Rev. L. Lyons is busily engaged in getting ready a new Sabbath school hymn book to be printed in the Hawaiian language. Its advent will be hailed with pleasure. All the newest and best hymns will be published in it.

☞ Our new Fire Marshal, Mr. McGuire, is carrying out the duties of his office with commendable activity. He is evidently the right man in the right place.

☞ At the meeting of the Library and Reading Room Association held at their rooms the 4th ult., the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

President—A. S. Hartwell,
Vice-President—C. M. Hyde, D. D., (re-elected,
Secretary—H. A. Parmelee, (re-elected),
Treasurer—A. L. Smith, "

The Board of Trustees consists of Messrs. Ashworth, Bickerton, Cartwright, Dole, Hill, Hollister, Johnson, Rodgers and Thrum.

☞ We were misinformed in regard to the "Act to regulate the sale of awa." We made a mistake, and we cheerfully admit it, and thank the *Saturday Press* for its courteous correction of our error.

☞ The various district Sabbath schools connected with Kaumakapili, gave their quarterly exhibition at the church on Sunday, the 26th ult. The numerous classes were well represented, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

☞ Rev. Dr. Damon and wife purpose to attend the meeting of the American Board in Lowell, Mass., this month, and so do not expect to be back here before the December steamer.

"Tell them 'Come Home,'"

Major D. W. Whittle was to preach Christ to a great crowd in the Opera-house at Pittsburg, and had a few moments' notice. He asked his wife, "What shall I say?" His little girl spoke up earnestly, "Papa, tell them to come home." He did tell them and God wonderfully blessed the simple message to the conversion of many souls.

"What shall I say to the people to-night,
Thronging by thousands glad tidings to hear?
How shall I point them to Jesus aright,
Waiting to save them from sin and all fears?
Help me to reach the poor, lost ones who roam."
"Tell them, dear papa, O tell them 'Come home.'"

"Ah, they are far from the home that's above,
Far from the way that would lead them to God,
Naught can arouse but the spirit of love,
Nothing avail them but Christ and His blood
Help me to reach the poor, lost ones who roam."
"Tell them, dear papa, O tell them 'Come home.'"

"Home of the Saviour who suffered for thee,
Bearing in agony all of thy sin;
Home where poor mortals from sorrow are free:
Wilt thou not trust, sinner, trust and come in?
Help me to reach the poor, lost ones who roam."
"Tell them, dear papa, O tell them 'Come home.'"

"Home of the ransomed whom Jesus hath bought;
Home of the glorified, gone on before;
Home that is dearer than palace or cot;
God's home and ours: sing praise evermore.
Help me to reach the poor, lost ones who roam."
"Tell them, dear papa, O tell them 'Come home.'"

"Mother, with dear ones in darkness and cold,
Father whose sons have no Christ in the heart,
Will you not help bring them back to the fold?
Strive that young people may choose the 'good part?'
Help me to reach the poor, lost ones who roam,
"Tell them, dear papa, O tell them 'Come home.'"

—HENRY M. DOUGLAS.